



A Trip to France,
OR, THE
Ærial Voyage.
A New Song.
To it's own Tune.

GOOD people of each station, that's fond of re-
creation,
Tis worth your observation to list awhile to me,
To Dover as we hear, some thousands did repair,
When Jefferies and Blanchard ascended in the air.
The people all surpris'd, with shouts did rend the skies,
Tho' piercing was the morning, those heroes danger
scorn'd,
They gave the people warning and from the castle
sies.

The people stood confounded, for fear they should be
drown'd,
While eccho still rebounded, the flag was wav'd around,
Across the channel these heroes they did ride,
Like witches in a whirlwind they reach the other side,
All people did agree, 'twas a noble sight to see,
They cried as they came over, here comes the English
rover.
Those he does dine at Dover, and went to France to
tea.

Their ballast being expended, near to the sea descended,
And what most them befriended, their cloaths threw
over-board.
Great coat and trowsers gone, cork jackets they put on,
And thus again ascended aloft into the air,
They flew o'er Calais town, people of high renown,
Took horses and rode after, it caus'd a hearty laugh-
ter,
And soon they found them hamper'd, and clinging to
the tree.

Now fill your bowls and tankards, to Jefferies and
Blanchard,
At France they safely anchor'd, some miles from Calais,
Both Lords and Ladies gay, invited them to stay,
And when they came to Calais, their flags they did
display,
How quickly we can prance, from England o'er to
France,
Some time in summer weather, we'll all set off toge-
ther,
And when that we come thither, we'll have a Paris
dance.

Farewel to your Theatres and all your lively fea-
tures,
As choristers by nature, we do ramble to the sea,
Away you beaus and belles, adieu to Sadlers Wells,
For better recreation we'll couple in the air,
Like fairy kings and queens, a wooing we'll be seen,
All other this surpasses, so elegant my farce is,
To see the lads and lasses trip over Calais green.